

The Woman's Column.

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The Woman's Column.

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KANSAS WOMEN'S SCHOOL VOTE.

A very large vote was cast by women at the school elections just held in Kansas. An Associated Press despatch from Topeka says:

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction has received reports which indicate that the women of Kansas have elected a majority of the members of the county school boards in the 2,000 districts of the State. The platform on which the women conducted their campaign for control of the schools was kept a secret until the day of balloting. It declared for wiping out the objectionable provisions which forbid the women teachers to receive attentions and calls from their admirers during the term of school, and provide for forfeiture of a portion of their salaries if the women marry before the end of their terms.

The newspaper comments are various. The Boston Transcript says:

The school elections in Kansas have been carried for the women's ticket by women's votes, and the immortal principle has been successfully asserted that a pretty schoolmarm may be courted without thereby forfeiting the salary to which she would have been entitled had she received no "attentions." The women of Kansas have taught the men what the latter should have known, that a contract is a contract.

The Chicago Post says in part:

Let there be no more talk about the apathy of enfranchised womanhood, the indifference of "female voters" to the high privilege of taking a hand in the election of school trustees! The Kansas school elections refute all such slanderous inventions of the enemy. Women may stay away from the polls when there are no issues involved, but when principles are at stake they respond. And on such occasions their cunning is equal to their valor. Mere man is outgeneraled, out-fought, outdone in every art known to politics. Strategy of a high order was needed, and the women were not found wanting. Some of the elections were held in June and July. The men were busy in the harvest fields, and at the table their womankind had for weeks tabooed politics and talked nothing but crops, Macedonia and race suicide. The result was that few of the guileless husbandmen remembered to vote for school trustees. In August different tactics, it appears, were pursued. The women affected profound indifference, and lulled the husbands and brothers into a false sense of security. In the afternoon of the fateful day they turned out in force and carried

the booths by storm. The men had no time to rally.

So many sensational reports from the equal suffrage States have turned out to be exaggerations that it will be well to take this one with some reserve, until we hear from our friends in Kansas. Two things, however, seem to have been proved conclusively: That women can keep a secret, and that they do not lose their interest in school suffrage as soon as it ceases to be a novelty. Kansas women have had the school ballot ever since 1861, yet at these last elections they cast an exceptionally heavy vote.

WOMEN'S CLUBS FOR MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE.

Last week we called attention to Mayor Olney's appeal to the Women's Club of Oakland, Cal., to assist him in building up its public institutions and to support his administration in its efforts in that direction. The San José Mercury cordially approves of this invitation to women to take an active part in municipal affairs, and to try to reelect the officials who do their duty. "When the time comes," the mayor concluded, "that these public servants become candidates for reelection, I shall be able to tell you how each officer has behaved himself, so that you may intelligently choose whom you will support."

But the Mercury is struck by the incongruity of asking "support" from a disfranchised class, and, while it approves of women's doing what they can to promote the public welfare, the editor says:

It was Charles Kingsley who wrote: "Let woman never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and diviner calling of self-sacrifice." What a glorious opportunity of self-sacrifice this mayor of Oakland presents to the women of his city! "See to it," he says, "that the dooryard in front of your home is kept neat and clean, and that the gutter in the street is cleaned regularly." No news has reached us as to the effect of this ukase upon the fair ones of Oakland, nor have we heard of the resolutions that are probably in the making in the women's clubs of that city. Indeed, we have not heard whether he has gone through the mill of matrimony and is now trying to "get even." In any event, his name will go down in history as one who appealed to the women of a great city to see to it that their gutters were kept clean.

Seriously, woman might be a greater factor in the civic life and government of our American communities than she is. Give her the franchise, and half the ills under which we groan will disappear. Put a ballot in her hand, and in ten years the sleek boss and the thieving official will have been driven to cover and honest men put in public place. Ask Idaho, where women also vote, and Colorado, where women also vote—ask these whether woman suffrage is a success or failure. The community whose women are active in municipal affairs is indeed fortunate.

The Woman's Club of San José, one of the best in the State, has already done much for this city. It might do infinitely more if the members made a specialty of municipal improvement. We can assure the ladies, if they do undertake the work, the mayor will not request them to "see that the gutter in the street is cleaned thoroughly."

When the women's clubs of any State try to improve the civic conditions of the towns and cities in which they have their homes, as they are beginning to do, they will soon become alive to their need of the suffrage as the thing required and indispensable in order to make their efforts effective. And when these organizations have been thus convinced, they will soon unite with the suffragists in a demand for the municipal ballot, and the joint demand will be heeded by the Legislature.

This was strikingly evidenced here in Massachusetts, two years ago, by the success of our bill making mothers equal guardians with fathers of their minor children. It was introduced by the Suffrage Association, and supported by the women's clubs. The combination proved irresistible. HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

The State Convention of the Massachusetts Socialists, held this week, adopted a woman suffrage plank.

MRS. VIRGINIA McCLURG, of Colorado Springs, Col., well known as an archaeologist, writer, and club woman, won the prize offered for the best ode to be sung at the Eleventh National Irrigation Congress, which has just closed at Ogden, Utah. Mrs. McClurg's ode, "Irrigation," was set to music and sung by two hundred voices as an opening ceremony. Fifty odes had been submitted, Mrs. McClurg's winning the prize. The composition is strong, symbolic, picturesque, and poetic. The final choral is in metre suitable to the air of "America," which makes an appropriate close to the whole. Mrs. McClurg once made a pleasant call at the Woman's Journal Office, testified to the good results of equal suffrage in Colorado, and declared that the vote of the bad women was "only a drop in the bucket."

MISS MANUELA FLORES, of Linares, Mexico, is mayor, treasurer, secretary, city attorney, city clerk, and stenographer of that city, all the officials having fallen victims to yellow fever. Mayor Flores was the first person to be attacked. Miss Manuela acted as her father's secretary. When he was stricken, the governor appointed her acting mayor. She has filled the place so well that she has been commissioned to remain in office until the end of her father's term. The city had a population of 15,000, but there are now less than 3,000, the others having either died or fled. President Diaz has highly commended the work of Miss Flores, and it is said that Congress will vote her a medal for bravery during the epidemic.

THE BIRD ON MY LADY'S BONNET.

The late Mrs. M. R. Field (Catherine Cole), dearly beloved of New Orleans women, left a gifted young daughter who is winning her way in newspaper work, and whose articles under the head of "Roundabout Gossip" are a feature of the New Orleans *Sunday Times-Democrat*.

She has just made an eloquent plea for the preservation of bird life.

"I dare say that nine out of ten women would shudder at the thought of wearing birds on their hats if they could see with their own eyes the murder of the innocents," writes Miss Field. "Because they did not see, should that make any difference?"

"A woman goes into a shop for her fall hat. She doesn't really like the thought of wearing dead birds or wings that have cost the life of birds, but her fancy is caught by a charming creation displayed by an enthusiastic saleswoman.

"The charming creation has a dead bird in the act of flying from one side the brim, a dead bird in the act of flying from the other side the brim, a dead bird in the act of flying from beneath the brim. Indeed, when she puts it on, there seems a perfect flight of these dead, embalmed creatures eternally trying to get away from her live, fresh, rosy face and life-sparkling, pretty hair.

"Her head is an admirable bird's funeral parlor.

"I don't believe in wearing birds," she says to the enthusiastic young saleswoman—enthusiastic many times because she is paid to be enthusiastic, and is there for the purpose of enthusiasm.

"They're going to be worn more than ever this winter," she is assured; "all of our new hats have birds on them."

"She hesitates, and when she buys it she consoles herself by thinking, 'Well, my not buying that hat would do no good. If I didn't take it some other woman would, and look as well in it as I.'

"If she could be quite sure that no other woman would take it, generally she would stick to her principles and forego the hat. But the love and the tenderness are not deep enough in her that she will say, 'No matter what the others do, I will do my best, and this for the sake of the cause.'

"I have talked with some women who wear birds on their hats as a matter of course, as they have oatmeal for breakfast and put powder on their noses.

"They have never thought of the cruelty of the annual bird slaughter, or the grotesqueness of adorning themselves with the dead beauties of the woods. They have never cared, and, worse, they do not want to care, they do not want to feel sorry or see the hideousness of the custom. If you broach the subject, they either ridicule or become annoyed and impatient because they are simply afraid to see and feel, and this because they do not want to give up.

"Oh, the pitiful weakness of evasion!

"A little thing, you say? A little thing to kill birds of beautiful plumage for adornment's sake!

"The nightingale, the cuckoo, the green linnet, the skylark sing forever, through

poets who hearkened, a petition for all the little feathered tribes.

"Adornment! Can there be adornment out of a lifeless, voiceless skin that once was such a harmless and joyous life? As well have some pretty and favored relative stuffed for parlor embellishment.

"Oh, come, let us take heart o' grace and stand for the life of these 'light-winged dryads of the trees,' not for the death and the dearth of them!

"Keats wandering in the woods near Highgate, Wordsworth in the singing solitudes of the hills along lonely Windermere Lake—how their souls were attuned to the spirit of the bird world! Hawthorne in his quaint tower of the Wayside, alone with only the birds and bees in concert outside his casement—how much we owe to the companionship he gathered from the little chirpers!

"James T. Fields, privileged to so many great friendships, has told how one warm, sleepy afternoon he went to Concord, and he and Hawthorne walked from the Wayside to the Old Manse, a mile or so distant, where Hawthorne had spent the first five years of his married life. 'He tolled me along,' says Fields, 'until we came to a spot secluded and oftentimes sacred to his wayward thoughts. He bade me lie down on the grass and hear the birds sing. As we steeped ourselves in the delicious idleness, he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's "Seasons."'

"Birds, the love of birds, was also part of the nature of Dickens. His conversations were frequently on the habits of birds, and the same biographer of rare comradeships has given sunny glimpses of the creator of 'Barnaby Rudge' strolling along the pleasant garden walks at Gad's Hill, a tame raven hopping about while he told anecdotes of birds, the characteristics of the raven, particularly rejoicing with keen mirth in the pert ways of birds that picked up worms for a living. The privileged friends he took to the grave of little Dick, the family pet canary.

"I remember one lovely summer afternoon when my mother and I walked through the sweet English country to Gad's Hill, and were shown through the study with its empty chair, and finally to the bright, charming room overlooking the rear grounds, where the Dickens family were wont to gather in the evening. The windows were open, and from one of them we leaned, breathing in the English air that, once breathed so, keeps the lungs ever after wistful for it again. Across the sun-splashed velvet grass we could see the tiny, shining white headstone of little Dick's grave, and lo! perched upon it, warbling a joyful requiem to the departed soul, a thrush!

"The bird in the hat will never, never to the heart and soul be worth one whirr of the wing of the bird in the bush.

"I venture to say there is something wrong with the soul of a woman who can listen unmoved to the words of the enthusiastic young saleswoman, 'Birds will be worn more than ever this season.'

"She who selects her winter's hat surmounted by birds, who keenly scans the color scheme of their feathers, who adjusts the wings on the small stuffed bodies and smooths the rumpled down on the

silky breast, without one shuddering or regretful thought for the green woods flight cut short, the song unfinished, the nest deserted—what is she, after all, but a fair barbarian?

"O bird, on your brilliant wing, fly far, for woman's vanity aims at your charming, innocent life—fly far—

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades Past the near meadows, over the still stream, Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep—in a winter bonnet!"

MISS EDDY'S SUMMER HOME.

It was the privilege of the editor this week to pass a few hours at the summer home of Miss Sarah J. Eddy at Bristol Ferry, R. I. Miss Eddy is dear not only to the friends of equal rights for women, but to the advocates of many other good causes; and if they had been there that day, they would all have felt, as we did, rejoiced that she had so delightful a spot in which to pass her summer.

The large, commodious mansion has a wonderful view, looking out over a broad sweep of water, where windy cloud shadows were driving after one another in rapid chase. The sunsets across the water are magnificent, and the pure, breezy air does everything that air can do for human health. Miss Eddy wished us to see the portrait she had been painting of Lucy Stone, before she put the finishing touches to it. To one who has little or no knowledge of art, it was fairylike to see the familiar features grow and change under her hand, becoming more and more lifelike at every stroke of the brush. Mr. Blackwell thinks this the best portrait in colors that has ever been made of Mrs. Stone.

A friendly neighbor took us to see the larger studio that Miss Eddy has improvised for herself out of a near-by barn. It ought to be called "The Mermaid," for barn and studio are united in a manner really unique, with very pleasant results. Here were many portraits by Miss Eddy, among which one of Miss Anthony was prominent; and there were curiosities from different parts of the world, including a plaque with water-lilies, taken from a Chinese temple, and supposed to be about two thousand years old. Outside were rustic seats and tables. Here Miss Eddy often gives afternoon teas to the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home, or of the Colored Women's Home.

We were also shown the "Social Studio" which she has had built as a social centre and meeting place for the farmers and fisher folk of the neighborhood. They have taken to it like ducks to water. It is a good-sized hall, close to the shore. Outside are a fine tennis court and a croquet ground. Inside are books, tables with newspapers and portfolios of photographs, a piano, a glorious open fireplace, with a fire on the hearth, and other attractions, including a great brindled cat, so tame and friendly that it is evident he is used to good treatment and petting. In fact, all Miss Eddy's premises are pervaded by handsome cats, of various colors and kinds. Every Monday is "Portuguese evening" at the Social Studio, when the Portuguese settlers of the neighborhood

come together for a social gathering. Tuesday evening there is a young people's dance; and there are classes in wood-carving and sewing under a competent teacher, and sundry other things. Mrs. Mary Lovell, active in anti-vivisection work, has a cottage close by, and was visiting the Social Studio when we were there.

It is often intimated by the "Antis" that the women who want to vote are unloving and unlovable persons, who do not add to the happiness of their fellow-creatures in private life. It might help to cure them of this delusion if they could see the many ways in which this little lady scatters sunshine around her for the people of Bristol Ferry, besides letting it radiate silently out from her heart and home to distant parts of the world.

FOR THE STANTON CELEBRATION.

Articles on Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, written by Miss Anthony and Mrs. Ida H. Harper, were published soon after her death in the following magazines and newspapers, all of New York City:

Review of Reviews for December, 13 Astor Place, price 25 cents; *North American Review* for December, Franklin Square, price 50 cents; *Pearson's Magazine* for December, 8 Astor Place, price 10 cents; *The Independent* for Nov. 6 and May 21, 130 Fulton Street, price 10 cents; *Collier's Weekly* for Jan. 10, 1903, 416 West 13th Street, price 10 cents; *The Sunday Sun* for Nov. 2, 9, 16, 170 Nassau Street, price 5 cents.

These articles treat of Mrs. Stanton in many different aspects, and will be useful to clubs getting up celebrations. Mrs. Harper suggests that those sending for any of these periodicals mention the name of the article they desire, in order that publishers may know the interest in it.

EN ROUTE IN VERMONT.

On the way home from Canada, the junior editor spent a day at Barnet, Vt., as the guest of Miss Laura Moore, for so many years the faithful and devoted secretary of the Vermont W. S. A. She said, "Have you seen our suffrage badge?" and pointed out a sunflower planted on top of a maple stump in her green yard, waving in the breeze its golden flowers, which she declared had just blossomed for the first time that season, in honor of my arrival.

There is always both pleasure and inspiration in these flying visits to the little white house at the top of the long hill in Barnet, with its beautiful view down the river valley to the distant mountains, with the nearer hills, wild and picturesque, towering close above it, with flowers blooming in and around it, and vines vivid in autumn crimson peeping through the windows at the two saintly women who dwell within. This is the shrine to which all the active suffragists in Vermont make pilgrimages; and here for twenty-four hours the past, present and future of the cause in Vermont were diligently discussed.

It is an interesting fact that in the last Vermont Legislature, the bill to grant women full municipal suffrage, which was

endorsed only by the Vermont W. S. A., got a much larger vote than the bill to let women vote in the referendum on substituting license for prohibition, which was endorsed by both the Suffrage Association and the W. C. T. U., and was backed with a much bigger petition from women than the suffrage bill pure and simple.

Miss Caroline Scott, Miss Moore's friend and housemate, had just celebrated her 88th birthday. Five years ago, when she was 83, she walked 74 miles in the course of a few weeks, circulating the suffrage petition, and she is still as light on her feet as a girl. "The first day I walked ten miles, and the second day seven," she said. "I did not mind it a bit. I felt just as well when I got home at night as when I started out in the morning." The earnestness and unselfish devotion of these women reminded me of what Col. T. W. Higginson said years ago, in sending to my mother a young man who doubted about woman suffrage because so few women wanted it. "You speak only of the quantity of the desire for suffrage among women," said the Colonel. "Now I want you to learn something of its quality!" A. S. B.

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN.

There was one woman among the twenty-seven graduates in the class of '03 at Amherst Agricultural College, Mrs. Sara E. Folsom, of Boston. She came off with flying colors, having taken the first prize of \$50, given by the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture for general excellence, the William Bowker special prize of \$35, for the best method of dairy farm fertilizing, and the H. Vonherff (New York) prize of \$15, for the best handling of fertilizer on grass lands.

Mrs. Folsom is thirty-two years old, and the wife of Charles E. Folsom. He owns a farm near Boston, but is in business, as are all Mrs. Folsom's brothers. None of the family have ever shown any taste for agriculture except Mrs. Folsom. So far her attention has been given chiefly to the raising of fancy stock and poultry. Her gamecocks, hens and cockerels have won several prizes at the Boston shows. Mrs. Folsom has also had great success in the breeding of fine cats, especially Persian females of the rare orange variety.

While she does not expect to do the roughest and heaviest farm work—ploughing, etc.—she is not only familiar with all its details, but with the reasons for the superior advantages of this or that method. She has taken especial interest in scientific irrigation and fertilization, and believes there are great opportunities for women in dairying and market gardening near large cities. In the culture of nuts, small fruits and the finer, improved varieties of vegetables Mrs. Folsom believes enterprising women have a great future. She instances the great success made of the wonderful Indian raspberry by a woman in Woburn. This is a large, juicy fruit about the size of a strawberry, but having the delicious raspberry flavor. So far only two growers, both of them women, have been successful with its culture in this country.

Mrs. Folsom also recommends landscape gardening and forestry adapted to large

estates as particularly well suited to women. There is no reason, she says, why such a field should be monopolized wholly by men. With the practical training that many a farmer's daughter gets at home, and a course in a good agricultural college or school of forestry, there is no reason why women should not succeed in such work.

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Florence Buck has just entered upon her third year as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Kenosha, Wis. Large congregations and helpful interest attest her success. On Labor Day she gave an address at the annual reunion at Racine of the Grand Army Posts of Racine and Kenosha Counties.

The following resolution was passed unanimously by the Universalist Convention of Vermont and the Province of Quebec, which was lately held at Lyndonville, Vt.:

That we note the fact that equal suffrage of men and women exists in four of the States of the Union, and that it prevails to a considerable extent in other States in school and other matters. We believe that its full establishment in all the States would aid greatly in the purification of politics and the progress of reform.

At the Illinois Universalist Convention, held in Peoria, Sept. 22-24, the following resolution was offered:

Whereas, fully one-half of the earnest working force of our church is not privileged to have equal share in the management of our government, which might be aided in its efficiency, even as our church work is strengthened; therefore be it

Resolved, That we deplore the fact that our noble women are deprived of an equal voice in our State and National Government.

This was laid on the table on motion of Rev. Mr. Lairg, of Joliet, who asserted that "the women did not want it." The ablest women of his denomination are indignant.

This time the Universalists of the East have shown themselves more progressive than those of the West.

Vassar has opened with a registration of 921 students, the largest number in its history, and an increase of 59 over last year. There are 306 new students, of whom 190 are obliged to have rooms away from the campus. The need of a new dormitory is greatly felt.

The first woman to receive the M. A. degree from the University of South Carolina is Miss Jacqueline S. Epes. Miss Epes is a daughter of former Congressman J. F. Epes of Virginia, and is well known to South Carolinians as one of the instructors at the College for Women in Columbia, S. C. The *Charleston Keystone* says: "As a graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va., and as a special student at the Universities of Chicago, Virginia, and South Carolina, Miss Epes has shown marked scholarship, and promises much for the standard of woman's attainment in the South."

NATURE STUDY BY NEW YORK CHILDREN

With the beginning of the school year, Cornell University Extension is preparing to continue its nature-study work in the public schools of New York State, and more than 17,000 young naturalists will reorganize for another year's observation and collection under the direct supervision of "Uncle John," as Mr. J. W. Spencer, the Nature Bureau's head, is affectionately called, says the *N. Y. Evening Telegram*.

The official report for the year ending July, 1903, shows that during the past school year there were 582 Junior Naturalist clubs, with a total membership of 17,676 children. About 5,000 letters are received by Uncle John from the children each month, and every child receives a personal answer to any question he asks. Three hundred and sixty-four clubs earned badges last year. In addition to the study of nature, children are encouraged to beautify their homes by planting shrubbery, laying out flower beds, etc., and to have vegetable gardens of their own. Nine thousand children are listed on the Junior Gardener list this year.

One little boy, the child of poor and good-for-nothing parents, had his garden in the fence corner of a good-natured farmer who lived a mile from the lad's house. His people made sport of his efforts to do like other children, and hindered his attempts in every way, yet the lad succeeded.

Nor does the work of the children stop with gardens and the study of insects and plants, for they have been regularly organized to improve the school grounds. The Bureau of Nature Study has been ably helped in this by the State, since for several years the State Superintendent of Public Instruction has, through the liberality of William A. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, been able to offer as cash prizes \$100 for the best-kept school grounds in the State, and \$50 for the second best. Last year an earnest effort was made to encourage competition in every locality. The reports show that 206 school grounds were improved by the direct labor of the children.

Letters from them tell of noons and recesses spent in planting trees and vines, picking up and burning rubbish, carrying away stones, filling up sink holes, and even holding entertainments to raise money to build a fence to keep out stray cattle.

The formal beginning of this work dates back to 1896, when the Cornell University Extension decided that the time to educate the farmer is when he is young. The Bureau of Nature Study was organized, with Professor L. H. Bailey, the present director of the Cornell College of Agriculture, as chief, and Mr. John Walton Spencer, of the Extension Department, as deputy.

In order to interest and instruct teachers in the objects and methods of nature study, twenty or more leaflets have been issued. Among them are: "How a Squash Plant Gets Out of a Seed," "How a Candle Burns," "Four Apple Twigs," "A Children's Garden," "Hints on Making Collections of Insects," and the "Life of the Toad."

By personal work with teachers, and by correspondence with school officers, teachers and pupils, these leaflets were brought to the attention of those for whom they were designed. Bulletin No. 159 of the Cornell College of Agriculture, free, like all the publications of this body, to residents of the State who ask for it, gives in detail the aims and scope of this work.

It was desired to give every incentive to the pupils to take up observation lessons and collecting for themselves. To this end Junior Naturalist Clubs were organized in all schools which evinced an interest in the work.

MRS. LIVERMORE'S HAPPY SUMMER.

Mrs. Livermore writes in a private letter: "I have had a very busy and pleasant summer. I have been to Vermont and New Hampshire, and had a particularly delightful time at Dover, N. H. We spent a week at Gloucester, and another at Hampton, at a charming little house, beautifully kept, between Great and Little Boar's Head. But the day at West Brookfield (the celebration of Lucy Stone's birthday) was greater and grander than any public day, not specially devoted to religion, that I have ever known. The hill on which the house stands where Lucy Stone was born and married was a Mount of Transfiguration. The faces of the people shone, as the meeting proceeded, as with an inner light, and they spoke to each other in a reverent and awed way. They came by hundreds, early, and lingered, departing slowly and reluctantly. I have received thirteen notes or postals from persons who were present, expressive of their enjoyment of the day."

LUCY STONE AND THE "CHILDREN'S HOUR."

Editor *Woman's Column*:

I offered to read the account of Lucy Stone's birthday celebration at West Brookfield to my three children. They objected, and said scornfully that they didn't want a true story, they wanted me to make one up. But, as I proceeded to read it, they became intensely interested. I read one speech each night while they were undressing, and they begged for more, especially when I had read the introduction of the next speaker. At the end of Mr. Blackwell's remarks, where he refers to three leading woman suffragists, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Livermore, the children broke in at once with "and grandma,*—doesn't he say grandma, too?" Their opinion of Mr. Blackwell evidently fell because he left out "grandma," but perhaps it rose again when, at the conclusion of his speech, Malcolm said most earnestly, "Mamma, perhaps there were some people there who didn't believe in woman suffrage; but after they heard what Mr. Blackwell said, they'd have to!"

A few nights afterward Malcolm said, "Oh, I thought that was a mouse that ran across the floor, and it scared me 'most to death!" Miriam said quite scornfully, "Lucy Stone wasn't afraid of a rat." Malcolm

*Mrs. Judith W. Smith.

colm retorted as if to justify himself, "Well, she was a girl!" Thus is the usual comparison reversed, in the mind of a boy brought up in a family composed entirely of strong-minded women.

Malcolm asked me why I did not keep my maiden name, as Lucy Stone did. I replied, because it was not the custom, and I was not as brave as Lucy Stone.

JENNY S. MERRICK.

East Boston, Mass.

Dr. Lena A. Beach and Dr. Anne Burnett are assistant physicians at the State Hospital for the Insane, Mt. Pleasant, Ia. The subject of the prevention of insanity was presented by Drs. Beach and Burnett before the State Society of Iowa Medical Women, and their papers are published in the *Woman's Medical Journal* for August.

Of the nineteen girls sent up from Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India, for the government examinations, eighteen passed. One of the girls stood second in the province, ahead of 1,000 boys, and another stood sixth in the list. Both have won government scholarships, for at last a grant-in-aid has been given of \$600 a year. Miss Lilavati Singh writes: "The day we got the news, the college girls ran up into the clock-tower and set the bell a-ringing."

The Woman's Journal,

Founded by Lucy Stone, 1870.

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EDITORS: { HENRY B. BLACKWELL,
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